Vol. II. Numb. 13.

The EXAMINER.

From Thursday *February* 21, to Thursday *February* 28. 1711.

A Continuation of the Viſion.

WHilſt the *Man of Gold*, exercis'd *Arbitrary* and *Tyrannick* Sway over the Subjects of the Empire, there ſtalked about *Tumultuous Striſe*, *Infernal Pain*, *Revenge*, and *Heart-burning Hatred*; *trembling Fear* flew from one Corner to another, to find out a Place where ſhe might hide her Head: *Rueful Sorrow* ſate in Darkneſs alone, bewailing the univerſal Calamity: *Shame* advanced her ugly Countenance, not abaſhed at the ſight of ſuch frightful Objects; whilſt grim *Horror* with glaring Eyes, and Iron Wings, hovered over the People's Heads, attended with a flight of *Ravens*, who were ſtill the hateful Meſſengers to them of freſh Woes. *Faction*, clothed in Scarlet, became glutted even to a ſatiety with the Blood of his Oppoſers. The *Man of Gold* made War a double Curſe; he added *Famine* to *Slaughter*, and ſold the very *Bread* that was to ſuſtain the Soldiers Lives. The Field of Victory, in which other Nations us'd to rejoice, became, by his Parſimony, the greateſt Cauſe of Miſery to the *Legions* that had Conquered; who lay mangled and expiring together on heaps, for want of thoſe Neceſſaries which ſhould preſerve their Lives. The *Man of Gold* did not, in a long time, allow a *flying Hoſpital* in his Camp; whence thoſe who were wounded often choſe rather to expire upon the Place of Battle, than to be thrown together in rude manner, and laid on uneaſie Carts or Waggons, with their Limbs ſhattered, and Bodies diſmember'd, to be convey'd many Leagues off, with ſmarting, gaping Wounds, there to ſeek an uncertain Cure, in diſtant Hoſpitals.

Neither were the numerous Victories they had gained, any way beneficial to the Empire, the *Man of Gold* did not enlarge its bounds; ſtill as he Conquered, the *Lands* and *Towns* were *Sold* to the next *Ally*; whence a *Petty State*, in a ſhort time, grew more *Potent* than the Empire: Nor did the Money go towards the Charges of the War, he ſunk all into his own Coffers. Whilſt the Subjects were grievouſly Taxed, and forced to carry on a Diſpute that ruined them; by which means they became an eaſy Prey to *Extortioners*, *Uſurers*, and *Stock-jobbers*, who plagued the People with unprecedented Miſeries.

The *evil Genius* of the Empire ſate brooding over the Turrets where the *Man of Gold* inhabited, he ſcowl'd adverſe to all who were not of his *Faction*; when a ſudden Light broke round about him, and diſcloſed to the Eyes of the deſpairing People, a glorious *Form*, the reverſe of that malignant One, and which was quickly known for the *Guardian Spirit* of the *Romans*, who had ſo long forſook them. Preſently a dreadful Combat enſued, but the good Genius remained Conqueror, bearing himſelf upon his refulgent Wings towards Earth, he drew an interpoſing Cloud, and ſhewed the Nations their greateſt Enemy clothed in Sackcloth, and laid in Duſt: This was that terrible Monarch, with whom they had ſo long been at War; but humbled by the Calamities of his Family, he now ſeem'd an Object of Compaſſion, rather than Hatred. Three of his Children lay breathleſs by him, ſtruck by the immediate Hand of Heaven; as if it deſigned to warn Mankind by his Sufferings, from *Breach of Faith*, *Perſecution*, *boundleſs Ambition*, and thoſe other Crimes of which he had been thought Guilty. Two of the Royal Infants wept over the Bodies of their departed Parents: Taught by the Great Officers of State, they bent their little Knees, and held up their ſuppliant Hands, to entreat the Mourning King to be ſincere in the Promiſes he had made to beſtow upon them the Bleſſing of *Peace*, in regard of his own Age, and their helpleſs Infancy: At length the old ſtubborn Sire conſented, in Conſideration of the miſerable State that Nation might fall into during a Minority, if they ſhould continue under the Diſadvantage of a Foreign War.

Preſently a loud Shout, which divided the Air, and made the Birds fall dead before us, cauſed us to raiſe our Eyes to thoſe pleaſing Objects which advanced; a Sight wherein all good Men rejoyced, and by ſo much the more, becauſe they had deſpaired of any ſuch Relief from their Oppreſſions. The good Genius of the Empire, their own Foreſight, Watchfulneſs and Wiſdom, had preſerved *Auguſta*'s Favorite-*Stateſman*, and that wonderful *Orator*, who formerly commanded our Attention and Admiration; they had been reſcued from *Plots* and *Aſſaſſinations*, from the *Malice* and *Purſuit* of the *Faction*, to reſtore the drooping Empire, when it was reduced to the greateſt Extremity; *Hope* and *ſmiling Joy* advanced before them, at which *Deſpair* and *Horror* immediately took their Flight. Theſe propitious Omens made us expect a fortunate Event; they directed their Steps towards the mournful King, who tho' buried in Sorrow, could not but expreſs ſome Satis-

faction,

faction, as well as Admiration, to hear the Wiſdom and Eloquence of thoſe two Perſons; he was overcome by their force of Argument, and thereupon granted them all they deſired, even greater Advantages than the Empire, in her moſt fortunate Condition, could expect. At this Agreement the Shouts were redoubled, and a Prieſt of *Numa*'s Inſtitution, one of the Order of the *Feciales*, came forward, at the Command of thoſe two Perſons, clad in a long ſable Robe, adorned with Gold, and interchang'd with the King the Inſtruments of *Peace*: Which Ceremony was no ſooner perform'd, than the afflicted Monarch laid his Head again in the Duſt, and returned to his former Mourning; when the Clouds thickned about the Place where he was, and obſcured him from our farther View.

The *good Genius* clapped his triumphant Wings, *Hope* and *Joy* gave their Approbation; whilſt to the Muſick of all the Spheres, that glorious *Circus* we had firſt beheld, was again reſtored to our View. The ebbing Waters carried back to their proper Beds thoſe Shoals of *Croaking Frogs* which had annoyed us; the Air was cleared from the noiſe of the *Eagles*, *Vultures* and *Ravens*; and what was moſt delightful, *Auguſta*, who had been preſerved by Heaven, and the Advice of her Counſel, from the late Storm, and the Rage of an ungrateful, rebellious *Faction*, with double Brightneſs reaſſumed her Throne: Her Head was graced with a *Wreath* denoting *Peace*, whilſt her Hand bore a branch of *Palm*, which ſhe ſhew'd to her deſiring People, who were ready to expire with Joy at the Sight of their Empreſs, ſhining in full Glory. On one ſide of her *Juſtice* appeared, with the Sword and Weights; on the other, ſtood *Reſolution*, *Godlike Fortitude*, and *Magnanimity*; whom the *Man of Gold* beholding, he was ſeized with Heart-ſick Qualms and Deſpondency, asking all about him, as it was his Cuſtom on a Day of Battle, what he ſhould do? For he was not by Nature Valiant; the ignorant Vulgar had indeed extolled him for his conſtant Succeſs; they think a General does all himſelf, that is only done by his Soldiers; and if the Battle be gained by their means, though he never ſtirs from his Poſt of Safety, he muſt be Courageous, in proportion to the Victory that they have obtained.

Whilſt the *Man of Gold* was in this uncertainty, *Reſolution* animated the Empreſs, *Fortitude* ſtood forth and exhorted her to examine his Crimes; *Juſtice* thrice brandiſhed her awful Sword before his Eyes, and prepared her Weights and Scales: But before ſhe could fix the Ballance, the *Man of Gold* fell all to pieces, by the Touch of a Rod, at the Command of *Auguſta*, which the Favorite-Statesman held in his Hand: His Head immediately burſt aſunder, from whence ruſh'd forth a Monſter called **Faction**, arm'd with Stings and a forked Tail, accompanied by deſire of *Falſe Greatneſs*, *Ill-concerted Counſels*, and *Oblivion of ones own Original*. The Body opened, and diſcloſed the *Man of Gold's* Heart, where ſeemed to brood the genuine Seeds of *Ingratitude* and *Avarice*. His Paunch was filled with mouldy *Cruſts*, and *Biſcuit* full of *Maggots*, of which he had cheated the needy Soldiers. *Avarice* ſeeing him fall, would have Fled, but was ſeized by *Juſtice*, who emptied his Store before the Aſſembly: Thoſe who had lent their Money, with a good intent, in the Exigency of the State, were repayed from hence, with Intereſt and Thanks: Whilſt *Party-men*, *Uſurers* and others, who had made great Fortunes, from the Neceſſities themſelves had created, were conſigned into the Hand of *Juſtice*, to abide their Tryal, together with thoſe who had been convicted of *Bribery*. Such who had any juſt Demands of Debt, were put into a courſe of Payment; upon which *Poverty* was frightned and ſtalked away, to find a more convenient Habitation: He was quickly ſucceeded by the Bleſſing of *Plenty*. *Ceres*, accompanied with the *Seaſons*, offered their *Cornucopia's* to *Auguſta*; there were ſeen *blooming Spring*, *delightful Summer*, and *Yellow Autumn*, each bringing ſo prodigious a Supply, that no Year had ever been ſo fruitful as that in which *Peace* was renewed to the Empire, and the Empreſs reſtored to the full enjoyment of her undoubted Prerogative. *Faction* was Cruſhed, or fled the Land; all Mankind beheld with Acclamations the prodigious Advantages *Peace* had over *War*, and reſolved from that time forth to do all that was in their Power towards perpetuating ſo great a Happineſs.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Juſt Publiſh'd, the 2d Edition of,

*** **Some Remarks on the Barrier Treaty** between Her Majeſty and the States-General. By the Author of the Conduct of the Allies, To which are added, the ſaid Barrier-Treaty, with the Two Separate Articles; Part of the Counter-Project; The Sentiments of Prince Eugene and Count Sinzendorf, upon the ſaid Treaty; And a Repreſentation of the Engliſh Merchants at Bruges. Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall, 1712, Price 6d.

On Wedneſday laſt was publiſhed, on Fine Paper,

*** **The Story of the St. Alb——ns Ghoſt**; or, The Apparition of Mother Haggy, collected from the beſt Manuſcripts.

Sola novum, dictuque nefas, Harpyia Celeno
Prodigium canit, & triſtes denuntiat Iras.

Printed in the Year, 1712. Price 2d.

N. B. An Imperfect Sham Sort is printed on bad Paper, and full of Errors.

This Day is Publiſh'd the 3d Edition of,

*** A Comment upon the Hiſtory of Tom Thumb, *fit to be bound up with the Octavo Spectator on Dr.* Sacheverels *Tryal, and may be bound up with Dr.* B——ntly's *Horace.* Printed for *John Morphew* near Stationers hall. Price 3 d.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

‖¶ Punch turn'd Critick; in a Letter to the Honourable and (ſome time ago) Worſhipful Reeler of Covent-Garden. With ſome wooden Remarks on his Sermon, Preach'd the 30th of January. Printed in the Year, 1711. Price 2 d.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

†*† **Imperial Gratitude, drawn from** a modeſt View of the Conduct of the Emperor Charles VI. and the King of Spain Charles III. With Obſervations on the Difference, &c. being a farther View of the Deficiencies of our Confederates. Sold by the Bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter.

‖ ‖ **A Sermon Preach'd before the Honourable** Houſe of Commons, at St. Margaret's Weſtminſter, on Wedneſday the 30th of January, 1711. being the Anniverſary Faſt for the Martyrdom of King *Charles* the Firſt; by Thomas Gooch, D. D. Fellow of Gonvil and Caius College in Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Lord Biſhop of London. Printed for Jonah Bowyer at the Roſe, Ludgate-Street, 1712. Price 3 d.

Plain Spaniſh Snuff,

RIght and fine, in Tin Pots, at 5s. a Pound. Fine Brazil Snuff at 3s. an Ounce, or 40s. a Pound, alſo freſh Lisbon Snuff and other Snuffs; to be ſold by Mr. Zouch in Thames-ſtreet, at the corner of Garlick-hill near Queenhithe by Wholeſale or Retail. Note, Garlick hithe is at the bottom of bow-lane in Cheapſide.

LONDON: Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1711